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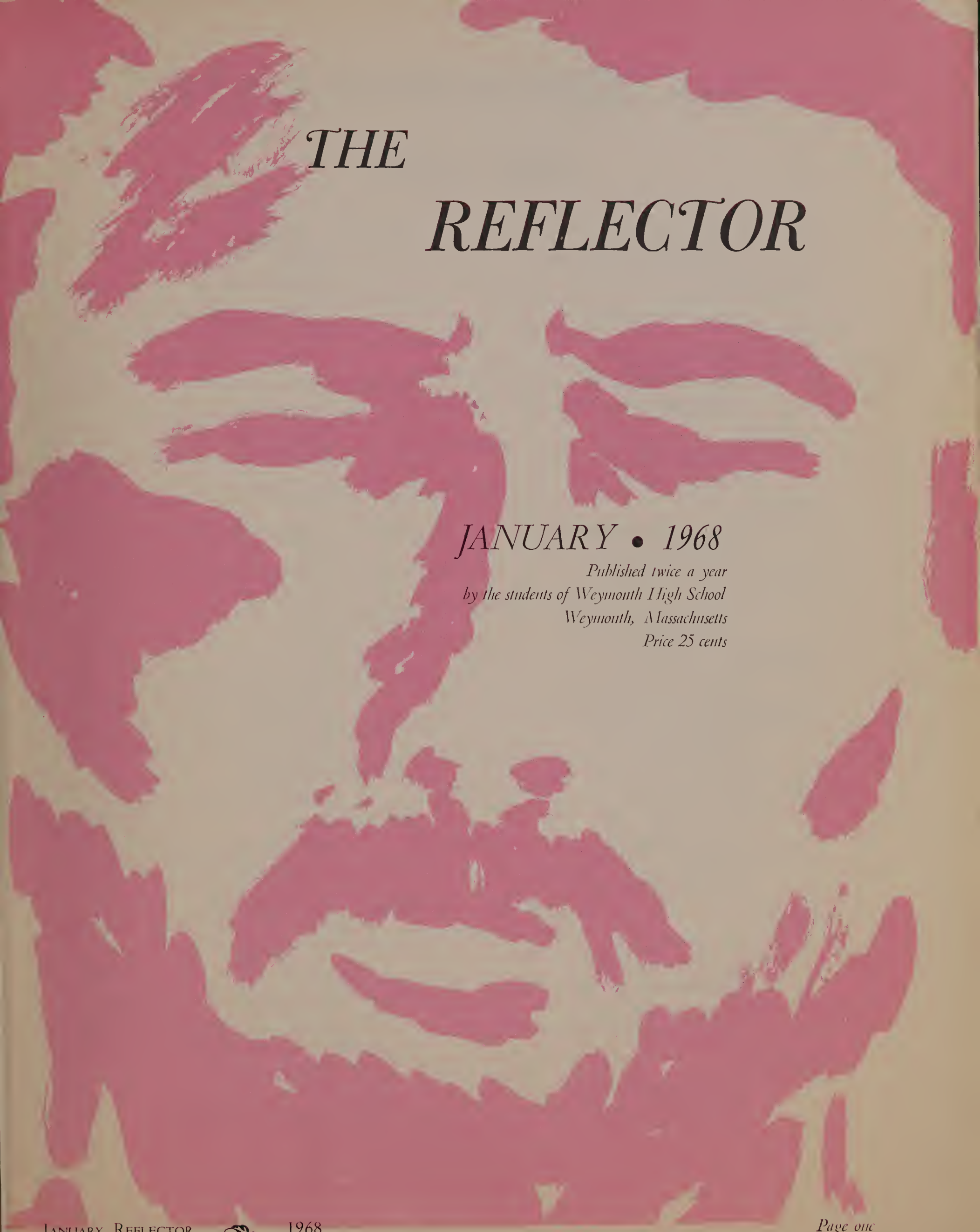
THE REFLECTOR



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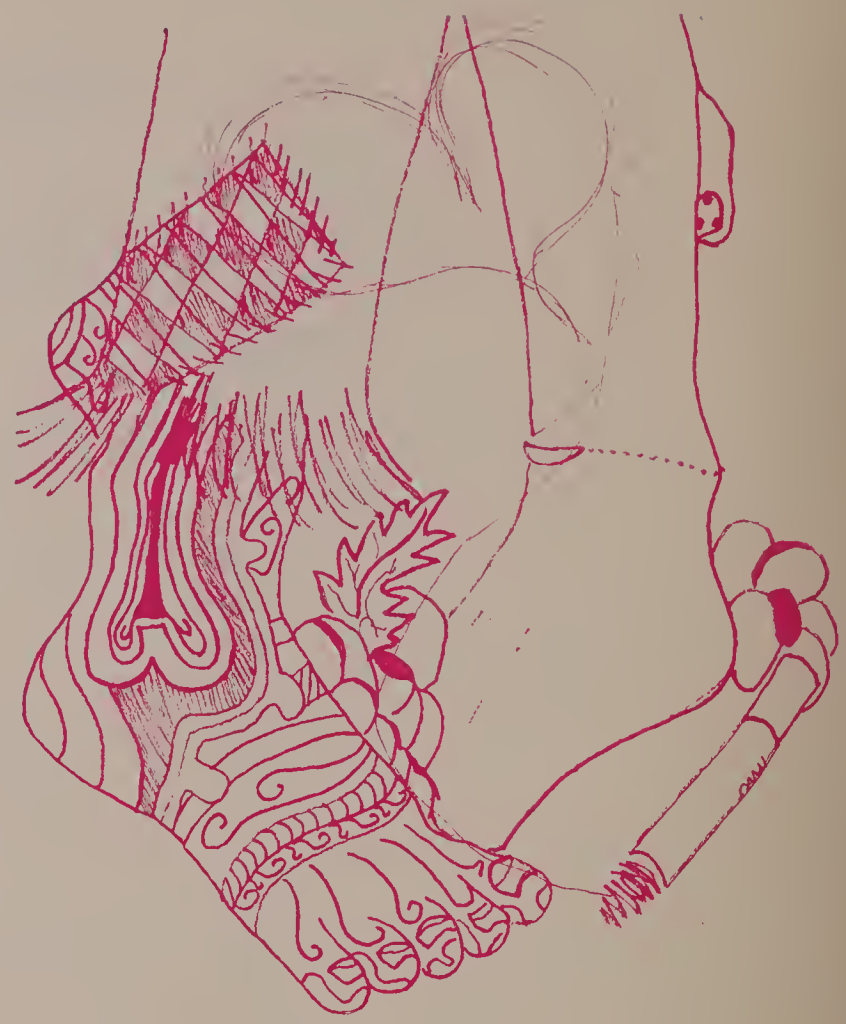
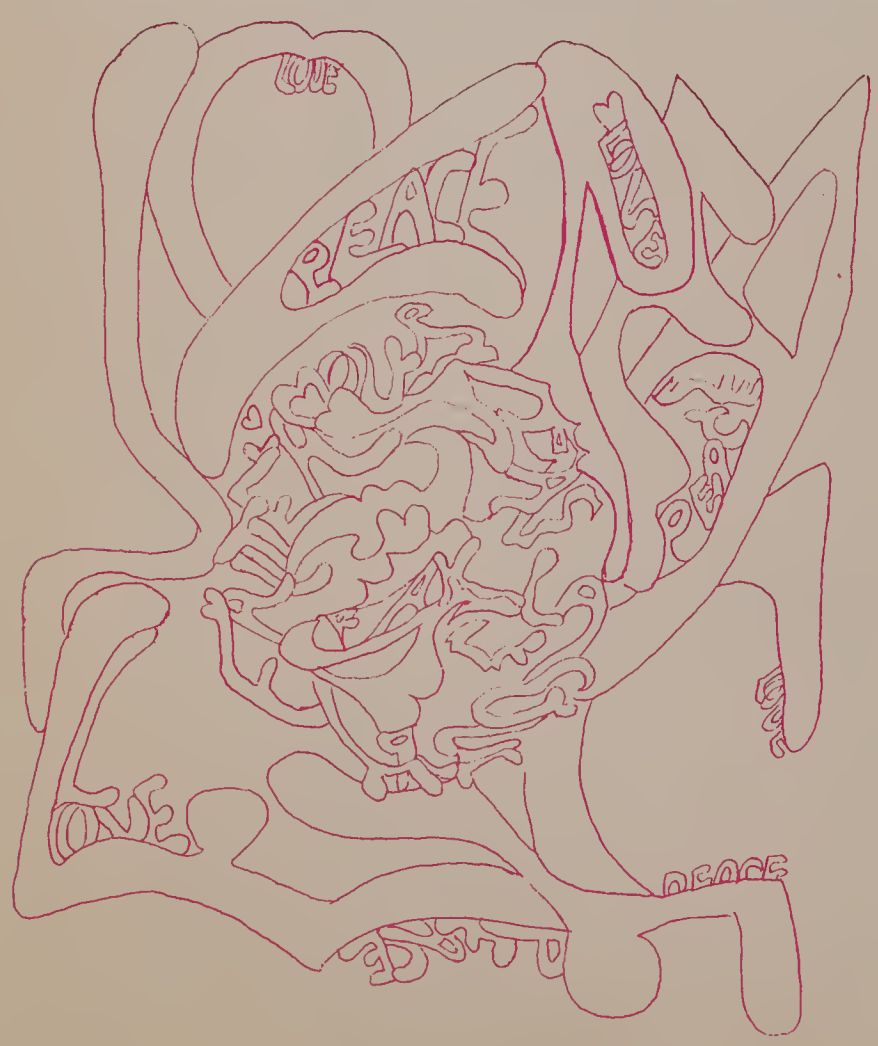
EDITORIAL



WHETHER or not the Hippies form a constructive part of society depends upon the application of the word constructive. By definition, constructive denotes that which is building or formative. The Hippy movement is a contemporary movement, rejecting a society which it believes is not constructive because it is conducting war in a foreign country and producing napalm in its factories. The leaders of society, however, believe that in order to be constructive, one must sometimes be destructive. This seeming paradox quite simply means that the leaders project construction into the future. Society then, lives for tomorrow; the Hippies, for today.

Rudyard Kipling once wrote, "East is East, and West is West and never the Twain shall meet." Perhaps the Hippy movement, through the universality of its central theme, has the potential to unite the two. The Hippy movement has ceased to be a cult. The uniqueness of its music, language, and dress has made it a way of life.

It isn't necessary, however, to adapt one's mode of dress or way of life to that of the Hippies in order to adopt the Hippy philosophy. Not all Hippies dress in extreme and, at times, in outlandish costumes, or grow shoulder-length hair, or live in separate communities. It might be that these are some ways for some Hippies to express their philosophy, but that does not make them the only ways. Nor does it make them the right ways. Rather, it is the philosophy which is all important.



The Hippy philosophy is expressed in these excerpts from replies to a question on the Survey: "What do you think the Hippies stand for?"

Love of Fellow Man

All the great men of history—Christ Jesus, Mahatma Ghandi—have preached love. The Hippies are practicing it. I personally do not agree with some of their habits—the use of LSD or marijuana, or promotion of "free love," or their apparent uncleanliness, but I think their basic premise is sound.

All they want is love and peace; I dont think that is asking for too much.

Although they are an extreme group, their ideas on LUV are basically good. If the world thought more along these terms, there would be less war, less strife, and fewer plastic people.

survey

		Yes	*No*
1.	Are you in favor of the Hippy Movement?	681	830
2.	Do you believe that the Hippies form a constructive part of our society?	457	1,003
3.	Do the Hippies practice what they preach?	939	432
4.	Do you feel that the Hippy Movement was created to justify the actions of just a few?	702	763
5.	Are the Hippies really serious about their beliefs?	1,141	343
6.	Do you think the average person actually realizes what the Hippies stand for?	118	851
7.	Do you think drug addiction is becoming more widespread because of the examples set by the Hippies?	1,012	484
8.	Do the Hippies make it easier for the pacifists to dodge the draft?	833	659
9.	Will San Francisco remain the center of the Hippy movement?	651	751
10.	Has the American Hippy movement affected our image abroad? (Adversely, that is.)	870	501
11.	Psychedelic music is a big part of the Hippy Movement. Do you enjoy and appreciate this kind of music?	974	418

	Age:	16–19	18–25	Over 25
12.	How old, on the average, is a hippy?	86	458	12

LITTLE RED'S TRIP

Kathleen Eacobacci '69

ONCE UPON, there was a kitten by the moniker of Red. Now Red was a straight chick, and she shacked up with her old lady on the edge of Great Hasbury Forest. One bright, Maw Red got a ring from Little Red's granny.

"Hey, Red," said Maw, "just got the word from Granny. She joined D.A., and she wants you to pop over and deliver some goodies to ward off the shakes."

"Aw, Maw," said Red, "you must be pullin' my lower extremity! Not now! *Batman's* gonna be on the boob tube, and besides the Big Daddy took the wheels."

"Tough toenails, baby," replied Maw. "You'll have to hoof it, but start beatin' tracks. The Good Granny can't wait too long."

Red, knowing that she was beat, decided to change her rags to Mary Quant's before taking on the short trip. She whipped on her purple and red striped hip-huggers, her woolly turtle-neck, her black over-the-knee boots, her gen-u-wine 1890's red riding cape; and she topped the whole drag off with her ultra-hip, purple crash helmet. Man, when she stepped out of that pad she looked like something sweet from Dell comics!

Per usual, before Little Red left the house with her basket of Jewish salami, deviled eggs, corned beef, and rice pudding with mint sauce, her old lady gave her the word.

"Now, Little Red, I know you're in a rush, but I don't want you to take the quicky route through Great Hasbury Forest. Y'all know about the Big Bad Wolves in that place. That's how poor Granny got started!"

"Dig," said Red.

Now Little Red had every intention of following Maw's battle plan; but it so happened, as Red was trudging along her merry way, she was besieged by a bunch of Rolling Stones' fans. They had mistaken Little Red for Mick Jagger and insisted on congratulating her for getting out of jail so fast.

Red was running late now, so she thought to herself "Self, you'd better take the quicky route through Great Hasbury Forest or poor Granny will be in dire distress."

That is just what Little Red did, and as Maw said, she came across a Wolf, a real bad guy, the lowest of the highs. The Big Bad Wolf said to Red, "Hey there, Little Red, with your crazy crash helmet, would you like to buy some bennies or maryjane?"

"No, thanks, man," said Little Red, "I'm straight."

She started on her way again, but the Wolf sneakily slipped his arm around Red's waist and whispered, "What do you have there in the basket, baby?"

And Red, being kind of stupid, stopped and looked up at Big Bad with moonbeam eyes and said, "Oh, just some Jewish salami, deviled eggs, corned beef, and rice pudding with mint sauce for my dear Granny who has joined D.A. and needs some goodies to take her mind off the shakes."

After hearing this, the wolf got sick and left Little Red's company. Little Red continued on her way, and Wolf recovered shortly. He thought to himself, "Hmm . . . Granny was one of my best customers. I can't afford to lose her account so I think I'll pay her a visit!" With this in mind, Big Bad Wolf hopped on his Vespa and set out to beat Little Red to Granny's pad.

In the meantime, Red had run into the Nice Federal Man. He asked Little Red, "What's a straight chick like you doing in a place like this?"

Red explained the whole story and gave him the run-down on the basket, too.

Red left the Nice Federal Man and once more resumed her trip through Great Hasbury Forest. Finally she arrived at Granny's pad, and who should she find there but Big Bad Wolf arguing with Granny and trying to get her back on his customer list! Poor Granny was weakening fast!

"You leave my Granny alone!" screamed Red, getting red in the face.

"Cool it, chick! Mind your own *P*'s and *Q*'s!"

But Big Bad Wolf shouldn't have counted on Red's being an apathetic American, because she wasn't!

"Help! Aid! Succor!" she screamed, getting even redder.

Just at that moment, who should burst in the door but the Nice Federal Man! "You're under arrest, Big Bad Wolf," he said with the proper amount of dignity.

"Oh, thank Timmy you arrived!" exclaimed Granny.

"Don't thank me," said the Nice Federal Man humbly, "thank Little Red."

"Oh, I almost forgot, Granny-bird," said Little Red, "I brought you some Jewish salami, deviled eggs, corned beef, and rice pudding with mint sauce."

"Swell," said Granny.

A TOUGH DECISION

Duncan Allen '68

A TOUGH decision I made recently was the choice of a topic for this theme. Out of several dozen possibilities, I had to choose one that I felt I could handle.

First I found that I could safely eliminate topics dealing directly with myself. This kind of writing gives me an uncomfortable feeling that I'm writing my memoirs early to beat the turn-of-the-century rush.

I felt I had insufficient evidence to write "If I Were a Parent" since I have not yet had the opportunity to experience parenthood.

I was sure I would be more comfortable with "Emotions vs. Intellect" if I had a psychology degree framed on the wall.

The choice among the remaining topics became increasingly difficult. "Armed Services Preference" held my attention until I realized it would only lead to another painful decision.

Although I decided that last summer wasn't really worth evaluating ("Last Summer: An Evaluation"), "Mutual Respect" and "A Sense of Humor" sounded interesting. If I had spent much more time merely thinking about a topic, "An Experience with Anger" would have been a possibility.

Fortunately, I looked down the list once again, spotted "A Tough Decision," and picked up my pen.

REAL CONTENTMENT

Kathleen O'Brien '68

I HAVE A formula for personal happiness. It involves the rare act of enjoying life in my own way.

The first ingredient is a tiring day at school or work. The second element is a cold winter's afternoon and a walk home through the blood-freezing snow. These may not seem like essentials for a delightful existence, but they are my setting for genuine peace of mind.

When I reach my house, I trudge up the stairs throwing down my coat and books somewhere along the way. My room seems warm and familiar. The first thing I do is to check my goldfish to reassure myself that he is still with us and has not gone the path of his brother, who, alas, I found floating on the waves one day. Shadows accentuate the walls and floors, and the room reflects no color, only tints of black and gray. Outside my window the western sky is the same colorless tone as my bedroom. The winter sunset is a beautifully lonely hue of bluish gray. Threads of smoke swirl upward to blend with the clouds, and the sun that has no warmth silhouettes the barren trees. The January sky reflects a quiet, lifeless peace.

The inside of my room smells like a composite of Lily of the Valley cologne, the distinct scent of goldfish, and the drowsy odor of hot air rising through the radiator.

"I will do my homework later," I say, and I decide to lie down before supper.

The atmosphere is heavy and close. Music is a prime ingredient in my recipe for contentment; it

is almost impossible for me to sleep without it. I put the record on and get under the covers of my bed. The sound of pots rattling in the kitchen creates a feeling of security. Then I hear the click of the record player, and the music starts. I take a last glimpse of the darkening sky and close my eyes, forgetting homework, forgetting the day, forgetting the snow. I concentrate on the music. The flow of notes and steady beat soon lull me into a delicious state of floating half awake. I can slowly feel myself fading away, fading away . . . fading . . . gone.

WHAT TROUBLES ME ABOUT COLLEGE

THE AVERAGE student in a college course in high school spends his senior year worrying about getting into a college. As I have a reasonable chance of being accepted at a good school, this is not exactly my problem.

I wrote to several colleges during the summer and expressed my interest. In return I received five pounds of printed matter, including my sworn enemy for the year, the application form. These forms do their best to enable the college to eliminate a maximum number of applications from consideration. They do a good job.

They seem designed to confuse. I take as examples these questions: "Describe the intellectual experience of the past two years that has given you the greatest satisfaction," and "Describe briefly your attitude toward a system of campus government requiring individual responsibility for one's own actions and a strong sense of obligation for the rights of others." One can easily imagine a college admissions man sorting applications into two piles. "Typical High School Students," and "Applicants Who Understand the Questions."

Most application forms expect one to have major subjects and a career pinpointed. Where one's parents went to school seems to be important, also.

Some forms smugly invoke the Fair Educational Practices Act by admonishing the applicant not to make any mention of his race, and then require a personal interview and often a photograph.

Others ask for height, weight, and other physical characteristics. I feel I should add that my left foot is a quarter inch longer than my right, but the man at the desk might not like that.

Of course, I have some respect for the enemy. Until a better admissions system is developed, the present one is obviously more just than drawing names from a hat. However, one wonders what the admissions personnel do when they have a thousand extra qualified applicants for whom there is no room.

In closing, I raise another question. Has the unhealthy pressure of the applications and the tests they require caused some good students to give up going to college entirely?

WASTING TIME

Kevin Beggs '68

LATELY I have been thinking of inventing a game called time-wasting. Each of twenty towns in the United States will own a time-wasting team. They will be divided into two leagues and will play against each other during the month of April. After people have become used to the idea, I will join a team and become their star time-waster. With me on their side, my team will surely win both the time-wasting pennant and the world series. After two or three years of victory, I will be able to retire with at least a few million to my name.

For me, a successful career in time-wasting will be easy. For instance, I can spend twice as much time getting alarmed over a homework assignment as I will spend once I get started. On this assignment alone, I wasted five or six times what it is actually going to take me to write this paper just trying to decide upon a topic. I figure that by the end of the year, I will have had enough practice in study periods to become the number one draft choice in my league. In fact, I plan to get this idea started all over America—as soon as I have the time.

REPORT TO THE COMMITTEE

Elizabeth Evans '68

Report: To the Martian Committee on Interplanetary Relationships.

Subject: Earth — advisability of its joining the Inter-Galactic Organization for Peace Amongst Planets.

SIX MONTHS ago, I, #0123.6, was sent to investigate Earth and its people and customs. The purpose of my investigation was to ascertain whether or not Earth should be invited to join our organization.

I was fortunate enough to live with a typical Earth family in Hotchkiss, New York. In the guise of an exchange student, I could observe both the home life and the schooling of Earthlings.

Their ideas on what we Martians are like are very odd, to say the least. I must admit, I giggled a lot as I gathered them from various people. They believe us to be short and green, with three eyes, antennae, and four arms. We are commonly known as fiends, running around shooting people with disintegration guns.

The setup of an Earth family is curious. The female, or "Housewife," appears to be the head of the family unit, while the male or "Hubby," commutes to the city five days a week. During these five days, he is known as a "breadwinner" and talks a strange dialect known as "Madison Avenuese." On the last two days of the week, however, he becomes a "lazy bum." The qualifications for "lazy bumming" are as follows: one must wear old clothes, drink large quantities of an alcoholic brew known as "beer", and (as my visit was in the fall of the year) prostrate oneself in a soft chair facing a viewing apparatus, "television." The object is to watch a ritual known as "football" in which two opposing teams battle each other for the possession of the skin of a dead pig. Most peculiar!

The housewife is involved in many unusual activities. She is never found at home but rather in activities known as "car pools," "bridge clubs," etc. As I have never attended a meeting of either, the purpose of these organizations eludes me at the moment. Two questions present themselves: "How does one fit a swimming pool into an automobile?" and "Why should a woman's club concern itself with building bridges?"

Children, known in the vernacular as "little monsters," spend most of their time in institutes of learning, annoying their teachers, and continue to annoy their parents upon returning from school.

"Little monsters" fall into two main categories: the "little brat" and the "average kid." "Little brats" cry and are constantly asking "Why?" (I have had

much experience with this type as the two younger children in the family I lived with were four and six.) The others are annoying but do not try as hard at it.

"Teen-agers" are a peculiar breed; they are indescribable, bearing no resemblance to any other creature on Earth. They have their own music, dress, and speech, all of which is extremely odd, drifting back to the primitive cultures.

Earthmen, on a whole, are very amiable but have two prime faults. They are offended easily, and they are skeptical of the truth. Jokingly, I told one Earth-dweller that I was a Martian. He told me to go home and sleep it off. When I asked him what would be his reaction if a saucer landed in his back yard, he growled, "I'd set the dog on those little green men!" See what I mean?

I feel that inhabitants of Earth are in desperate need of enlightenment. The abysmal ignorance of these poor people is unbelievable. Diplomatic relationships should be established and an aid program set up. Under no circumstances, however, should they join our organization until we civilize them. Considering the state of confusion their own world is in, I would hate to think of what they could do to inter-galactic affairs.

SOMEONE WHO INSPIRES ME

Edward Wisneski '68

I AM NOT EASILY inspired. Often I can hear a lovely piece of music, see a noble deed, or hear a moving oration without being inspired at all. A person who inspires me has to have all the ideal qualities that I admire in a human being. Sometimes that person is a "top-notch" performer in some phase of life. William Bradley is such a person.

You are probably saying to yourself, "Who is Bill Bradley?" Bill Bradley is the epitome of perfection in scholastic and athletic achievement.

Bradley graduated from Princeton University in 1965, and he accepted a Rhodes Scholarship to study in England. However, he was noted mostly for his athletic accomplishments during his college career. Many considered him to be the greatest college basketball player of all time. At six feet five inches and two hundred pounds, Bill Bradley was a versatile performer who could play either guard or forward and pass, rebound, and shoot with equal adeptness. He was on the All-American team three years in a row, and he made the Olympic basketball squad in 1964. During his stay in England, Bill played for an Italian basketball team. Earlier this year, Bill Bradley became one of the highest paid athletes when he signed a contract of $400,000 to play professional basketball for the New York Knicks.

All this success did not come easily. Bill Bradley practiced hours and hours to improve his skills at various phases of the game. He would drive himself continuously to fulfill his goals of perfection in schoolwork and basketball.

I had the privilege of watching this amazing athlete in action on the basketball court, and I would like to be like him. Whenever I practice basketball, I think of the long, arduous hours Bradley has spent on the court; and I work a little bit harder and a little bit longer. Whenever I study, I think of Bradley's intense devotion to his studies; and I concentrate a little bit more and study a little bit harder.

If I become even half the man that Bill Bradley is, I will have made quite an accomplishment.

A WEAKNESS I WISH TO OVERCOME

Kevin Geraghty '68

I THINK THAT my greatest weakness, and one which I share with many others, is shyness. Talking to people has always been a problem for me. Often when people pass me on the street, even if I know them very well, I try to avoid speaking to them. This extreme, and somewhat ridiculous, shyness is often mistaken for conceit and can quite often create a bad first impression.

Another form of shyness involves speaking. When giving a speech or an oral talk, even in front of a group of my best friends, I notice that my voice wavers, my hands shake and turn purple, and my feet can't seem to find enough to do. Until recently, I have never been able to understand this shyness, and neither have I been able to overcome it.

A peculiar thing about my inability to talk to people is that it completely disappears once I get to know someone well. In fact, then I become just about as extroverted as a person can be.

It is a hard thing to conquer shyness because first you must understand it. I am still trying to figure out why my shyness exists, and I keep coming up with the same answer—lack of self-confidence. I think that this is the key to the whole problem. Music has helped me a great deal to overcome my shyness. When I play my guitar with others before a group, I feel confident and happy, and shyness is only a memory.

In order to succeed in life, I must conquer my shyness and other weaknesses that would hold me back. I intend to succeed.

THE VALUE OF CURIOSITY

John G. Hogan '68

CURIOSITY may have killed the cat, but it also built our civilization.

There are various types of curiosity: the curiosity of the man who wants to know what it is like on the other side of the next hill, the curiosity of the man who wants to know what makes things tick, and the curiosity of the man who wants to find out what makes something or someone act in a certain way.

Of all the people on earth, probably the most renowned for their curiosity are Americans. Curious Americans conquered a continent to see what was on the other side of the next hill. Following in the footsteps of great explorers like Byrd, Peary, and Daniel Boone, curious Americans have now ventured into outer space to learn its secrets.

We should not leave out the inventors, scientists, and medical men, the men who want to know what makes things tick. The Whitneys, the Howes, the Bells, the Edisons, and the du Ponts with their inventions raised the standard of living, widened man's horizon, and lengthened his leisure time. The Salks and the Mayos found medical cures to lengthen man's life.

The psychologists and the psychiatrists are interested in human behavior. They want to know why man acts or reacts in a certain way, Their curiosity saves man's sanity, makes him healthy and productive again.

Where would we be without curiosity? Probably we would still be in tribal societies ruled by patriarchs, using tools no more advanced than the knife and the hammer.

AN ENLIGHTENING EXPERIENCE

Stephen Douglas '68

"HEY, MAN, my stack's getting thin," may not mean much to most people. Because last spring after the Tech Tourney, I was afforded the opportunity to play basketball in Roxbury, I know that it simply means, "I'm running out of money."

Perhaps the colored boys' unusual jargon or their exploding sense of humor made my trips memorable. Perhaps having ugly poverty surround me for the first time in my life made me think more seriously about many things. At any rate, the experience was a valuable one for me. I know that besides becoming a much quicker and tougher basketball player, I made several new, and different, friends.

The gym inside the Roxbury Boys' Club is not exactly Boston Garden. I have seen larger sardine cans. In the middle of one end of the court, the floor boards are so loose that the ball does not bounce on them. It is quite a sight to see the startled look on a player's face when the ball doesn't bounce. By the way, that look must have been on my face more than once. The boys' personalities varied as much as their basketball ability. Some always saw the lighter side of things while others were completely depressed and defeated. They knew that all someone like me had to do was to take a subway to get out of Roxbury and poverty and back to Suburbia and security. Survival was not quite so simple for them.

Many people stereotype the modern day ghetto Negro as a lazy person who wants things handed to him. Certainly there are colored people like this, just as there are white people like this, but they are in a distinct minority. Five or six boys whom I played with went to school during the day, played basketball until around nine o'clock, and then went out to work to help support their families. One could learn much about perseverance and struggle by associating with people like that.

I am really looking forward to visiting Roxbury again, for I enjoyed playing ball with boys who are tough enough to survive in such difficult living conditions.

HOW 'BOUT A RIDE? WHERE?

Ed Diamond '68

TRAFFIC rushed by. A hitchhiker eyed the traffic and walked on. A wind, hinting of winter, rustled his loose flapping jacket and whispered, "Better move on." Time told a story on his faded clothes. Wear had left his shoes scuffed and battered. His old brown suitcase cried for repair. Still traffic rushed by. One car stopped. The hitchhiker opened the door and got in. He wiped his unkempt hair from his forehead.

"Hi," said the stout, middle-aged man behind the wheel. "Where ya headin'?"

"Straight, I guess."

The driver gave him a puzzled look. They drove on.

"Headin' to Chicago myself," said the man. "Name's Al Donway. Own Donway's Hardware. Ever heard of it?"

"I don't think so," said the hitchhiker.

"Yes, sir, she's a beaut. Started from nothin' and built her np to the best hardware store you ever saw. Where'd you say you were goin'?"

No answer. Al Donway eyed the hitchhiker suspiciously.

"Say, you ain't one of those draft dodgers, are you?"

"No," said the hitchhiker, a sad smile lifting the corners of his mouth, "I've served my time."

"Oh, pretty rough, huh?"

"What?"

"In Viet Nam, I mean."

"Never went there," said the hitchhiker.

Al Donway looked at him. They drove on. Miles passed.

"How—I mean—." Hesitation. "Where you from, son?"

A shadow crossed the hitchhiker's face. "Back East."

Miles passed.

"Say." Hesitation. "Lookin' for work? I mean—ya know— I can always use some help around the store."

The hitchhiker hesitated. His eyes brightened for a moment, but soon dimmed. "No, I don't think so. Thank you very much, though."

"I turn off at the next exit. Where do you want to get off?"

Dusk was setting in. A hitchhiker trudged along the side of the road. He stopped to light a cigarette but then paused to watch a small bird as it hopped about frantically.

"What are you searching for, little bird?" But the bird would not answer.

The hitchhiker eyed the traffic and walked on.

WHERE'S THE OLD GANG?

John Abbott ..... Boston College
John Aherne ..... Boston State College
Rita Akunevich ..... First National Bank of Boston
Valerie Beggs ..... University of Massachusetts
Kristina Bertram ..... Quincy Junior College
Kenneth Blasser ..... Central Connecticut State College
Francis Bourdon ..... Northeastern University
Pamela Burfitt ..... Burdett College
Janice Capasso
Quincy City Hospital School of Nursing
Alfred Cappellini ..... Bowdoin College
Marilyn Chase ..... Ohio Wesleyan University
George Cordeiro .... John Hancock Insurance Company

Nancy Matthews ..... Northeastern University
Marilyn Morrissey ..... Brandeis University
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Employers' Group Insurance Company
Peter Donahue ..... University of Massachusetts
Robert Dowling ..... Bentley College
Douglas Franklin ..... Boston University
Chester Gillis ..... Massasoit Community College
Steven Greer ..... Massasoit Community College
Maura Hoey ..... Massasoit Community College
Janet Keefe ..... Blue Cross - Blue Shield
Maureen Lilla ..... Rhode Island School of Design
Stephen Lowe ..... University of Massachusetts
Kevin Matthews ..... Yale University

Paula Ryder ..... Brandeis University
Steven Tagen ..... Hofstra University
Judith Thurston ..... Quincy Beauty Academy
Thomas Ward ..... Oberlin College
Susan Yetman ..... University of New Hampshire

A MAN

Donna Kreitman '69

He wears five stars and carries a gun;
They trained him to kill, and he does.
He kills and plans and kills some more.
THEY call him a man, a hero.
He wears a suitcoat and carries a book;
They told him to learn, and he did.
He learned about everything and knows
nothing
THEY call him a man, a scholar.
He wears no shoes and carries a flower;
They told him to find himself and happiness.
And he searched and found.
Now THEY call him a delinquent, a hippie.

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE

ONCE UPON a time there lived two extremely benevolent elderly sisters. They loved their younger brother so well that they did not even try to discourage his belief that he was Theodore Roosevelt, and that their cellar was Panama. They did not want to hurt his feelings.

These sisters, Abby and Martha Brewster, were also what one would call philanthropists. They felt badly for gentlemen who had personal problems. They endeavored to help these poor souls by inviting them to their home, where they served these men elderberry wine, "spiked" with a touch of arsenic. They believed they were doing the gentlemen a favor by putting them out of their misery.

Brother Jonathan was a man not to be forgotten, A handsome man, who remarkably resembled Boris Karloff, he had a great desire to kill his brother, Mortimer.

Now Mortimer was a strange sort. The only person he resembled was Mortimer Brewster, and the only person he thought he was, was Mortimer Brewster. For a living he wrote as a theatre critic for a newspaper. He was going to marry one Elaine Harper. They put off marriage plans, though, because of some silly notion about *insanity* running in the Brewster family. Now, where did they get *that* idea?

The Cast. Front row: l. to r. Mr. Witherspoon (Robert Deakin), *Officer Klein* (William Rand), *Officer O'Hara* (Harry Sprague, Jr.), *Officer Brophy* (Donald Stephens). *Middle row: Jonathan* (David Sheehan). *Back row: l. to r. Teddy* (Mark Olson), *Abby Brewster* (Maureen Meskimen), *Martha Brewster* (Janice Hanson), *Mortimer* (Roy Griggs), *Elaine* (Kathleen Daley), *Mr. Gibbs* (Lawrence Marshall).

The Cast

Abby Brewster ..... *Maureen Meskimen*
The Rev. Dr. Harper ..... *John Roanowicz*
Teddy Brewster ..... *Mark Olson*
Officer Brophy ..... *Donald Stephens*
Officer Klein ..... *William Rand*
Martha Brewster ..... *Janice Hanson*
Elaine Harper ..... *Kathleen Daley*
Mortimer Brewster ..... *Roy Griggs*
Mr. Hoskins ..... *Michael Shanahan*
Mr. Gibbs ..... *Lawrence Marshall*
Jonathan Brewster ..... *David Sheehan*
Dr. Einstein ..... *Ernie Tengberg*
Officer O'Hara ..... *Harry Sprague, Jr.*
Lieutenant Rooney ..... *Duncan Allen*
Mr. Witherspoon ..... *Robert Deakin*

★ ★ ★

On November 17th, and again on the 18th, 1967, talented members of our senior class presented *Arsenic and Old Lace* to a truly entertained audience.

When a student takes part in a school play, a great deal of hard work is ahead. He spends many nights after school. If he is on stage in the cast, there is an enormous amount of rehearsing. If he is off stage on one of the committees, such as properties, lighting, or make-up there are also many things to do. Fortunately for the audience, the students were conscientious and enthusiastic, and this was obvious.

Although they were all superb, the performance of Maureen Meskimen as Abby Brewster is to be particularly noted. The possibility of her future success on the stage is particularly good. Other special performances were put on by Janice Hanson (Martha Brewster), Mark Olson (Teddy Brewster), and David Sheehan (Jonathan Brewster). Congratulations to all on a fine job, and especially to Miss Kovac, the faculty advisor.

In rehearsal: Jonathan (David Sheehan) *tries to intimidate his Aunt Abby* (Maureen Meskimen). *Dr. Einstein* (Ernst Tengberg) *observes.*

★

★

Mortimer (Roy Griggs) *makes his gruesome find in the window seat.*

Our thanks to the following faculty members who served as production advisors:

Mr. Stephen Chop.....*Scenery*
Miss Maureen Wenzler and
Miss Patricia Flynn.....*Costumes*
Mr. James Brizzi .....*Publicity*
Mr. George Nott.....*Printing*
Mr. Edward Vinskey .....*Set Construction*
Mrs. Linda Clayton .....*Ushers*

★ ★ ★

Question Poll

Question 1: What do your parents think of the hippies, and how would they react if you were to become one?

Skip Wilson '68: a. Not much.
b. If I became a hippie her (mother's) first reaction would be "KILL"!

Marilyn Rogers '68: My parents believe that hippies are a very demented group of people who have no morals or values whatsoever. If I were to become a hippie, my parents would disown me, not figuratively, but literally.

Christine Brown '69 I don't think my parents are particularly fond of hippies because they don't seem to be doing anything to benefit society. However, my parents respect their rights to express their own opinions.

Ellen Snow '68: My parents don't understand the hippies and they wouldn't understand if I were to become one.

Web Tileston '69: Well, my father thinks they should have their heads and faces shaved and all be shipped off to Vietnam.

Philip Moore '68 My parents think hippies are immature adolescents who escape reality. There are naturally several degrees of them, but for the most part they are insecure.

Question 2: How have the hippies influenced your life?

Donna Kreitman '69 The actual "hippies" themselves haven't affected me at all. Their philosophy and way of reasoning, however, greatly coincide with my own thoughts. To me, the hippies are more than a group of publicity seekers; they are mind and soul searchers.

Chris Kelly '69 They haven't influenced my life in any way. I'm the same as I was before I heard of them.

Roberta Richards '69: I enjoyed hippies. I went to one love-in in Boston and one in Denver, Colorado, last summer. Some of them are really nice people, but they're losers. They have nothing at all. They think they are non-conformists, but I feel they are conforming to their own individual class.

Web Tileston '69: The only way they have influenced me is to provide an interesting topic of conversation.

Question 3: Do you think the hippie philosophy will change the present way of life? Why or why not?

Nancy Sciarappa '68: I don't think the philosophy will have much effect on our way of life. Serious thoughts alone cause lasting changes The hippie philosophy, otherwise known as a half-hearted attempt at reformation, will die a lingering death.

Marilyn Manter '68: Hippies are modern beatniks. There has been a group just like them for every generation, and we've all survived so far. As far as I'm concerned, they mean nothing, say nothing, and do nothing.

Philip Moore '68 The philosophy might change the way of life as far as music and literature go. Otherwise it most probably will die out in time.

Christine Brown '69 I don't really think it will permanently affect the present way of life because even though there are a few of them now, I don't think they will last as a major movement any more than ten years.

Donna Kreitman '69 I do not think the hippie philosophy will change the present way of life because, in general, most of the population is too self-centered and too eager for wealth and superficial happiness to find true happiness.

Kenneth Cannon '69 In time, the hippie population will increase and influence the "present way of life" in minor steps or stages that will probably never be noticed.

WORLD SERIES NO. SIX

Doric Scarpelli '69

WEATHERWISE, October 11, 1967, was a normal fall day, cool, crisp, with a slight breeze, but in the hearts of all Red Sox worshippers, it was the day of reckoning. With their young backs to the wall, a victory in the sixth game of the 1967 World Series was a must for the Cardiac Kids; and all the world wondered, searchingly, whether or not Desmond Destiny would again come through for the Sox.

The clean autumn air could be cut with a butter knife as the nervous standing room crowd waited silently for the game to begin. Only forty-three minutes before, at precisely 11:03, my friend and I, along with about five thousand others, poured into the empty ball park in search of the best strategic position to stand. A totally weird sensation overtook all of us as we suddenly realized that besides the press and the players milling about on the field, we were the only ones in the entire park.

Batting practice made everyone truly a nervous wreck. Between fielding grounders, shagging flies, and giving interviews, the players took their cuts in the batting cage. The crowd applauded when Rico Petrocelli lashed six pitches to every corner of the park, groaned when Carl Yastrzemski allowed four pitches to streak past him and then meekly nudged the remaining two. They gasped with horror as Cardinal Roger Maris smashed four of his six pitches into the right field bleachers and sighed with relief as the "nemesis," Lou Brock, weakly fouled off his pitches. As the practice came to a conclusion with both teams taking fielding practice, the real tenseness of the crowd began to show.

At approximately 12:15, the reserved ticket holders, along with the press, returning form the field, began their battle against the irritable, quick-tempered standees. After about seventeen minutes of bumping, shoving, and growling, the evil-eyed ushers and the burly park police restored order, temporarily. When quarter of one arrived, the ushers finally opened the left side of the aisles to the weary standees, who were the only true ball fans in the house! After a brief but painful struggle down the aisle, I finally was seated.

Sitting in the aisle between sections 31 and 32, that is, along the first base line, I nervously watched the varying expressions on the faces of this huge throng. The cute face of the small, blonde haired boy kneeling in front of me glowed with excitement and fascination. The grumpy, impatient visage of a new-found fan displayed disgust as a pair of popcorn-seeking ladies obstructed his eight-dollar view. Astonishingly, the ice cream vendors winced, as their trembling eyes viewed rows of half-starved faces gleaming at them with simultaneous requests. It was indeed a sight to behold as each of the 36,000 present had his own way of expressing his uneasy anticipation.

About 12:57, His Excellency Richard Cardinal Cushing bestowed his blessings upon the already canonized Red Sox. After the introduction of each bench, the National Anthem caused the last silence of the day as it echoed off Fenway's "Green Monster," the fabled left field wall. Then a young Vietnam War veteran tossed out the first ball to the seasoned World Series veteran, Elston Howard, and Boston's Baby Bombers majestically took the field.

From then on the roaring never ceased. The capacity crowd hung on every pitch, thundered at every Red Sox move, and danced with each Sox run, which came often that day as Rico belted two homers,

Yaz creamed one, and Reggie Smith pulled one out. After nine frantic innings, which saw a record eight Cardinal pitchers clobbered, baseball's sentimental favorites, the never-say-die Red Sox, had bombed the favored Cards 8-4, setting the stage for the seventh game, winner-take-all showdown.

The mob, delirious with joy, pride, and just plain insanity, refused to leave the ball park as they gave our heroes a five-minute ovation. All the Sox by now were in the clubhouse except Yaz, who was being interviewed by Tony Kubek of N. B. C. Sports. When the interview ended and "Everybody's M.V.P." headed for the showers, the crowd again exploded. In fact, the explosions continued through the ancient rampways of Fenway Park, over the Mass. Turnpike Bridge, and into the Kenmore Square subway station. Indeed, it was a most fitting tribute for a team that had stolen the hearts of all baseball.

THE SPY

This article has been created solely for the entertainment of our audience. Any relation which the reader may find between the material presented in this article and actual facts, or between characters therein and any teacher of W.H.S., is purely accidental. Therefore, this article is in keeping with all of the standards hitherto ratified by the magazine staff and its editor; these are honesty, charity, and love.

"Hello, Chief? Agent 4 . . . what did you want? What's that you say? Oh. Sorry about that, ma'am. (dial, dial, dial) Hello, Chief? Agent 4 . . . you want me for something?"

"Agent 4, this is your chance. Agents 1, 2, and 3 are all out on assignments, and we've just received orders from Washington to get on this job right away. Think you can handle it?"

"Well, I'll tell you. Since I haven't the slightest idea what the job is, I couldn't say. On the other hand . . ."

"Watch it, Agent 4. You're on my black list as it is. Either you settle down or next year I'll put you on purse thefts!"

"You know something, Chief? I've been thinking about purse thefts, and . . ."

"Agent 4!"

"Oh. Sorry about that, Chief. O.K. What's the scoop?"

"All right. Now, we have word that interplanetary beings have landed on earth. Number one: reports say that they have headquarters somewhere in the Boston area. Number two: their leader goes by the name, 'Big C.' Number three: they have one distinguishing trait."

"What's that Chief?"

"Everyone of them is able to recite the United States Constitution at will, either forward or backward."

"Gotcha. I'll get right on it!"

"One minute, Agent 4. Don't you want to know what your assignment is?"

"Oh, yah. Almost forgot!"

"Your job is to gather as much information as you can about them. Try to locate their leader. But remember! Whatever you do, don't harm them. They may be hostile. You're all set now; that's all I can tell you."

"Don't worry about a thing, Chief . . . you've got your best agent on this one."

"Fine, Agent 4 . . . and good luck."

"One minute, Chief . . . say, could you send a Utility Man over right away?"

"What for?"

"Well . . . I seem to have gotten my thumb caught in the telephone dial."

(Click.)

"Gee whiz, thanks a lot! Here . . . I'll just try pulling hard . . . POP! Oh! My eye!! I think I poked it out! . . . Nope, still there.

"Now . . . 'Boston area' . . . Where should I start? I guess Weymouth High's as good a place as any. Besides, I've got a sneaking suspicion that's where their leader's hiding out! Where else could a guy with the intelligence he must have find a job? . . . O.K., I'm in Weymouth now . . . Boy, would ya look at that? Looks like a Chinese restaurant or something. 'Weymouth High School' . . . Hey, this is the place! What luck! Now to get in . . . Brother, what a place! I'll just walk around a little here . . . gotta find a guy who knows the *Constitution*. Science teachers—nothing. Math teachers—nothing. Ya know, it's tough to find a guy who . . ."

" 'We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice . . .' "

"Ah, fella . . . would you mind repeating that?

"Oh, sure. 'We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense,' . . ."

"How far can you go? I mean, without stopping or anything?"

"Oh, all the way to the twenty-fifth amendment. And, I can say it backwards, too. See . . . 'defense common the for provide, tranquillity domestic insure, . . .' "

"Swell! Thanks a lot, pal. See you around."

"Oh, anytime, anytime. Glad I could help out."

"Boy, fits the description all right. And the way he was sailing along there, he just could be . . . 'Big C!' "

(With the help of my super-forger, I got myself a phony program to get into his class. It was perfect. He never suspected a thing. After a month or two, I had collected at least forty pages of vital information. It was time to call Chief!)

"Hello, Barney? Agent 4. Can you get me the Chief?"

"He's busy right now. He can't come to the phone."

"What d'ya mean, he's busy? This is important. I've got to talk to him."

"Agent 4, he's out to lunch."

"Out to lunch! Impossible."

"He's gone to get a haircut, then. He'll call you back."

"No, he hasn't gone to get a haircut either. Barney, I know he's there, now put him on."

"Hello?"

"Hi, Chief! Agent 4. Say, Chief. I think you better keep an eye on Barney. He's been a little absent-minded lately. He just told me you had gone to get a haircut, boy!"

"What is it, Agent 4?"

"I found 'Big C!' Right in Weymouth High School. And I got a full story on him!"

"Why don't you mail me a letter or something, Agent 4? And then maybe take a vacation?"

"Don't you want to hear it? It's unbelievable, fantastic! And it's going to be a major breakthrough and . . ."

"All right, Agent 4, I'm listening."

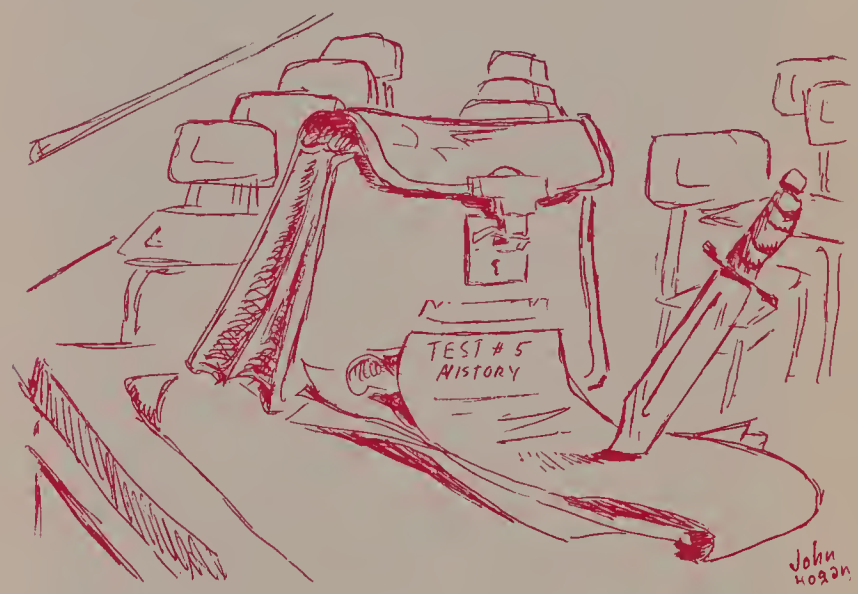
"Good, Now, it was just like you said, Chief—they're from outer space all right. For one thing, they're sen-

sitive to light. 'Big C' always keeps the blinds shut. One day I tested him. Before he got in the room, I sneaked up and opened them one by one. Minute he came in, he reacted. Eyebrows went wild until he dashed over to close them. Another thing, he wears these glasses. My guess is that they dim the light for him. Anyway, on to item two . . . At least once every hour, they must have a serum which is a type of brown liquid like coffee. I feel that this revitalizes them, as if they ran on some type of power cell which is recharged by the serum. Anyway—number three!"

"Agent 4, are you making this up?"

"Chief, I'm surprised at you? You know that all agents have sworn to be honest at all times! Now. Number three — each one carries around with him what he calls a chewing gum box, but what I bet is that it's some kind of weapon! I sneaked up and got a close look at it one day. I stuck the tip of it in my artery—WOW! They could *kill* someone with that if they weren't careful! Of course it had no lasting effect on me."

"Of course, Ah, Agent 4, I think you've told me enough. Why don't you go home and try to get some rest?"



" 'Duty before pleasure.' You know that, Chief. Now, part four . . . You're not going to believe this but I've even figured out their native language! 'Big C' tried to subject our entire class to a movie of propaganda! Since their language is just the reverse of ours, he tried rigging the film so that it would play backwards. I've deciphered a few of the words from the tape recording I made, and as far as I can tell, we were listening to 'Mother Goose!' I'm not sure what that means, though. Have the boys in the lab work on it. The only other thing I can tell you is that their race are all experts on Paul Revere's mother and how she knits blankets. He tried to convert us by mentioning it one day in hope of discussion, but luckily his scheme failed."

"Well, I suppose you'll be back again soon."

"Wrong, Chief. My phony programs look so real, the office refuses to believe that I forged them. Looks like I'm stuck here for at least another four months. You sure you can get along without me?"

"It's going to be *tough*, Agent 4, and it *is* a shame that you won't be back with us . . ."

"Say, Chief. If you really needed me, maybe I could drop out or something . . ."

'OH, NO, NO! That won't be necessary. Besides, we don't take dropouts."

"That's right, too. Well, see you in June, Chief. If you ever need advice, feel free to ask."

"O.K. Good-by, Agent 4."

"I'll be right here, you know. So just call anytime."

"Good-by, Agent 4."

"Before I go, I just want to tell you that one night I saw 'Big C' running down the hall with an overhead projector under his arm. Now . . ."

(Click)

FACULTY

Interviews

MISS MARY DuWORS

MISS MARY DuWORS — Mount St. Mary grad . . . single . . . math . . . likes golf, and riding her horse . . . dislikes noise . . . feels Annex has atmosphere.

MR. BRUCE EMERSON

MR. BRUCE EMERSON — Lafayette grad . . . married . . . chemistry . . . likes sports, peanut butter-mayonnaise sandwiches, students who are active in class . . . initiated advanced chemistry . . . friendly, helpful.

MISS KARREN KIRKLAND

MISS KARREN KIRKLAND — Barrington grad . . . single . . . bookkeeping and typing . . . enjoys sports, actively and passively . . . dislikes phonies.

MR. MICHAEL J. BRANLEY

MR. MICHAEL J. BRANLEY — Norwich grad . . . single . . . world history . . . likes sports, dancing, and going to parties . . . dislikes disrespectful students . . . would like to start Current Events Club . . . polite and active.

MR. EDWARD CROWLEY

MR. EDWARD CROWLEY — Bridgewater, Boston College grad . . . English . . . married . . . previously taught at Foxboro . . . enjoys swimming, golf, theatre . . . not prone to "browning" . . . "Whoa now."

MRS. JEAN CONDITO

MRS. JEAN CONDITO — Boston University grad . . . married . . . librarian . . . previously worked at Hingham Public Library . . . likes floral designing, classical music, cats, and water skiing . . . favorite expression: "okay" . . . dislikes late people . . . "No late books. You can't get away with it!"

MISS KATHLEEN KELLY

MISS KATHLEEN KELLY — Boston State grad . . . single . . . social studies, Ancient History . . . likes travel . . . wants a Junior Great Books Club.

MR. RICHARD HAYES

MR. RICHARD HAYES — Springfield grad, working on Masters at Bridgewater . . . physical education . . . married . . . previously taught at Marlborough High . . . enjoys sports.

MR. GEORGE JOHANSSON

MR. GEORGE JOHANSSON — Northeastern, Bridgewater grad . . . mathematics . . . married . . . likes theatre (musicals) and music, chess . . . finds building structurally fine but crowded.

MR. DENNIS W. HUYGHE

MR. DENNIS W. HUYGHE — Merchant Marine Academy, Suffolk University, Harvard grad . . . taught at Cambridge . . . single . . . math . . . likes sailing, skiing, bowling, Dagwood sandwiches . . . relaxes playing the piano, reading . . . dislikes talkative girls.

MRS. MARILEE SCHURMAN

MRS. MARILEE SCHURMAN — Fitchburg State grad . . . married . . . English . . . previously taught in Bridgewater, Sharon, and San Diego, California . . . likes tennis, swimming, and jazz . . . dislikes studies . . . finds Annex crowded.

MISS PATRICIA MARINOS

MISS PATRICIA MARINOS — Boston State College, Tufts grad . . . single . . . taught at Central . . . U. S. History . . . likes "Peanuts," French impressionists, Tijuana Brass . . . would like Political Science Club . . . dislikes insincerity, gum-chewing . . . finds building "lengthy."

MR. WALTER E. MURPHY

MR. WALTER E. MURPHY — Bridgewater grad for B.S. and Masters . . . married . . . developmental reading, workstudy coordinator . . . likes basketball, chess, folk music, pizza.

MR. ALWYN MARSTON

MR. ALWYN MARSTON — Tufts grad . . . married . . . science . . . taught in Milton . . . enjoys sports . . . Boy Scout leader . . . dislikes deceit . . . "Jeepers crow."

MISS NANCY LOTZ

MISS NANCY LOTZ — Westchester State grad . . . single . . . French . . . enjoys art and reading . . . good cook . . . favorite word: "excellent."

MISS FLORA A. DINUCCI

MISS FLORA A. DINUCCI — Alfred University, Buffalo University grad . . . Latin . . . single . . . likes fashion design, popular music, classical art, and American novelists . . . favorite snack: coke and onion rings . . . Weymouth High is "an architectural marvel."

MRS. VELNA A. ROBERTS

MRS. VELNA A. ROBERTS — Salem Teachers College, University of Vermont grad . . . married . . . teaches business . . . likes music, bowling, and literature . . . soft spoken but firm, always smiling.

MISS HELEN SCHENKMAN

MISS HELEN SCHENKMAN — Ohio State, Boston University grad . . . single . . . Spanish . . . likes sports and listening to music . . . soft-spoken, pleasant.

MR. BENEDITTO SALVUCCI

MR. BENEDITTO SALVUCCI — Suffolk grad . . . Spanish . . . married . . . likes baseball, Renaissance art, modern literature . . . relaxes by not thinking of mistakes . . . dislikes gabby girls . . . can be "browned up" by board washers and lab assistants.

MR. EDWARD M. KELLY

MR. EDWARD M. KELLY — Quincy Junior College, Suffolk and University of Maine grad . . . English . . . married . . . enjoys hockey and baseball as spectator sports, music, tapioca pudding.

MISS EILEEN SULLO

MISS EILEEN SULLO — Emmanuel, University of Paris grad . . . former REFLECTOR staff member . . . Spanish and French . . . single . . . enjoys theatre, dancing, and being with people . . . friendly and happy.

MISS MAUREEN RILEY

MISS MAUREEN RILEY — Boston State grad . . . English . . . single . . . enjoys drama, reading, bike riding, and badminton . . . Junior Drama Club advisor . . . feels new building has great aesthetic value.

MR. JAMES WHEELER

MR. JAMES WHEELER — Boston University grad, working on Masters . . . married . . . math and chemistry . . . likes football (understatement of the year) . . . science . . . previously taught at Hull and Hanover . . . hopes to coach at college level.

MR. PHILIP VAN NESTE

MR. PHILIP VAN NESTE — Northeastern, Boston University grad . . . single bookkeeping . . . handles advertising for THE REFLECTOR . . . avid WHS fan . . . dislikes laziness . . . finds building hard to get used to and the students unusually courteous.

POETRY

Major Minority Or Minor Majority?

Nancy Sciarappa '68

Free--
A majority,
Willing to be in
A peace march, or
Sit in a sit-down strike.
Will protest anything--
But act for nothing.
Definitely opposed to
Love, hate, war, peace,
Labor exploitation,
Labor unions
Communism, and
Democracy.
Free--
A majority,
Anxious to be non-conformists,
So they can be called "hippies,"
And be a minority.

What Is?

Christine Colby '69

Spring is the beginning,
Shy, withdrawn, holding the
seed of life.
Summer is awakening,
Hustling, bustling, never
stopping for a breath.
Fall is the prime,
Not so raucous, a time to look
back.
Winter--What is Winter?
Sometimes the beginning of the
end; sometimes the end of the
beginning and the beginning
of eternity.

Journey

Peter R. Griswold '70

The travels of the mind and soul:
To find the secret mysteries
That lurk within them.
To find the God that is love.
The travels of the body of man:
To satisfy the urge to escape
When life becomes too hard.
But there is no real escape.
In traveling you can find,
But never lose, the past,
For life is not a coat to shed
When the weather becomes too hot.
So let it be known that
Escape can only come with reality,
And life is really just a journey,
And birth and death, just stations.

Newly Aged

Kathleen O'Brien '68

Leaves, once green, turn and tumble.
Roses, once red, fade and die.
We are seventeen, golden and running.
You are seventy, tired and gray.
We laugh at you with calloused freshness.
You move the lips of lessons learned and say:
"What you have, we once had,
And what we are, you will be."

An Autobiography

George Dalton '68

So you would like to know who I am? I am you, my friend, just as you are me.
I am you and you are me,
but your hair may be sandy,
Mine may be black;
I may write,
You, perhaps, make cabinets;
I am you and you are me.
While you, perhaps, build buildings,
I build only thoughts.
What comes into my life
Many not come into yours.
I am you and you are me,
and in time our dust may mingle.

Prelude

Kathy Eacobacci '69

sweet autumn air
was snapping fresh
cold MacIntosh apple
northeast wind chilled
crowd confetti-like
marched toward grandstand
faces were chapped
by glare of sun
wind, rushing rushing
warmed each other
press on benches
exciting prospects
veridian field
awaited its
cleated torture
game would begin soon

Requiem For A Hippie

Jeannie Baker '69

once we had an explanation
now we deal with fascination
distort the mind to some degree
by means of dope and LSD
cause a tremor in our nation
ending with a separation
so our group will blossom free
from the GREAT SOCIETY

BROTHERHOOD AROUND THE WORLD

UNDER the supervision of Mrs. Magraw, and the sponsorship of the Junior Moral and Spiritual Values Committee, the week of December 4-8 was designated as "Brotherhood Around the World Week." The purpose of the project was to promote brotherhood which would lead to an eventual understanding between the peoples of the earth as well as between individuals. Various school clubs constructed signs dealing with the main theme, and even the cafeteria staff cooperated by preparing dishes from foreign lands for lunch during the week.

An International Assembly and Reception on Wednesday, the sixth, climaxed the week. Students of Weymouth High listened to and talked with foreign students now attending school in the greater Boston area.

Robert Bentley, the Senior Chairman of J.M.S.V.C., opened the assembly with a welcome address. Charles Pritchard next discussed an example of brotherhood in our school, the tutoring service offered to those students requiring help in subjects from other students who have already mastered them. This program has been well received during the past three years.

Chairman Kathleen Daley told of the volunteer Blind Committee's monthly Saturday morning socials with students from the Perkins' School for the Blind and other young blind people from the Braintree and Weymouth area. Patricia Duffy spoke of volunteer service in hospitals and with cerebral palsy victims. Information concerning the committee's work with the mentally retarded children in the Paul A. Dever School was delivered by Chairman Michael

Shanahan. As one can see, J.M.S.V.C. is not one committee, but several specialized committees.

Insight into the work and success of the J.M.S.V.C. was provided when blind students entertained the sighted. After thanking Mrs. Magraw and her committee for the work that they do, Joan Hyland, a

junior at Braintree High School, "read" a moving selection in Braille. Chris Devin, now a freshman at Boston University, sang "Four Strong Winds." A future concert pianist, Mr. Edward Clute, studying presently at the New England Conservatory of Music, played two numbers, including a favorite Beatle song.

Our international guests were introduced by Junior Chairman, David Killory. Each admired the facilities, the students, and the teachers of Weymouth High. They first told us so in their own native tongues; then, in English.

Following this introduction to our guests, who had been hosted on our own television station, W.H.S.13, and in some English classes, Mr. Rene Bouchard of the State Department of Education Citizenship Committee presented a citation to Weymouth High School. Mr. Bouchard told Mr. Martin, who received the award on behalf of the school, that students such as those of Weymouth High are the "hope of America," and that "responsibility is the key to brotherhood."

The reception immediately followed the close of school. Awaiting the dismissal of the student body, the presidents of the school clubs, acting as guides, served their guests from the variety of refreshments prepared by club members. An organized receiving line gave students the best opportunity to greet and talk with the international guests. At two-forty-five the Chorale, under the direction of Mr. Burns, sang "O Brother Man."

Three o'clock brought the departure of our guests.

MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP FUND

As a result of a tragic automobile crash in Randolph on June 22, 1967, four of our classmates were taken from us. The four young people, Linda Aiello, Michelle Plante, Peter Bowler, and William Carchidi will not be forgotten. A group of teens who knew the deceased, Christine Parks, Cheryl Best, Peggy Baulis, Janie Peterson, Louise Wysocki, Pat Glynn, Janet Bugbee, and Bill Harding, got together and started a scholarship fund in their memory. They called it "The 1968-1969 Memorial Scholarship Fund," and they designed it to provide a scholarship in June of 1968 and another in 1969, the years that those who died would have graduated. The original aim, then, was to raise $2,000, thus insuring two scholarships of $1,000 each. But now an additional goal has been established. The teen sponsors hope to raise an additional $250 to $500 so that they can enroll the four in the Citizens' Scholarship Fund. In this way they will be remembered perpetually.

As soon as this drive got under way, donations started coming in from teachers, parents, and friends of the four students. Also, the group of teens has held two dances and a car wash in an effort to reach the desired goal. The car wash netted about $230, while the two dances have brought in close to $900. In all, about $1,900 has already been realized.

Each student who has contributed his time to this worthy cause should be complimented. Special thanks should be given to Representative Robert Ambler, Town Counsel Francis Kelly, and Mr. Daniel McCole, editor of *The Weymouth News,* who are acting as trustees for the fund.

It isn't too late to make a donation. If anyone is interested, he should make out a check payable to "The 1968-1969 Memorial Scholarship Fund" and send it to "The 1968-1969 Memorial Scholarship Fund" c/o *The Weymouth News,* 77 Pleasant Street, South Weymouth, Massachusetts 02190.

MUSIC

So far this year the Weymouth High School music groups have appeared in concert several times. The band has been very active, playing at every football game except the one with New Bedford. Their performances included such songs as "Downtown", "Tijuana Taxi", "Syncopated Clock", and the familiar "Batman" theme. Also, they played during the morning session of the teachers' convention on October 27 and received many compliments.

The chorus began their Christmas activities with a performance at Old South Union Church on December 9. Two days later they joined the sophomore chorus, band, and orchestra in presenting a free program of holiday music at Weymouth High. The twenty-member chorale and selected instrumentalists made an appearance at Boston University on December 14. This same group also entertained guests at the J. M. S. V. C. reception during "Brotherhood Around The World Week."

This year the Music Department is proud to announce that out of approximately thirty students who auditioned for the Southeast District Music Festival, nineteen were accepted. These people will participate in a concert to be held some weekend near the end of January in Falmouth, Massachusetts. Band members chosen are senior Edmond Doyle (tuba); juniors Karl Berg (tuba), Ann Ghublikian (oboe), Bruce Corey (alto clarinet), John Brack (trumpet), and Douglas Sherwood (trumpet); and sophomore John McCann (trumpet). Senior Karen McCann (string bass); juniors Suzanne Lucas (violin), David Levey (viola), Ellen Marshall (string bass), and Cynthia Nute (cello); and sophomore Donna Quist (clarinet) will represent the orchestra. The District chorus will include seniors Ellen Snow (alto) and Lawrence Marshall (tenor); juniors Diane Connolly (alto) and John Simon (bass); and sophomores Thomas Malley (tenor) and Matthew Oliva (tenor). Several of these district winners were also recommended to audition for the Allstate Festival; however, at this time the list is incomplete.

All three music groups have made a fine start, and plans for the second half of the school year indicate an active and interesting program for Weymouth High's band, orchestra, and chorus.

DRAMA OPPORTUNITIES

With the senior play a triumphant accomplishment, WHS students are looking forward eagerly to several other drama events this year. The Theatre Arts Club will present a junior-senior production of *Thurber Carnival* February 8 and 9* under the direction of Mr. McCarthy and Miss Flynn. Miss Kovac will be the technical director. *Thurber Carnival* will take the place of the night of one-act plays this year.

Carnival is not a three-act play but a riotous series of modernistic skits. Those of you who attended last year's Regional Drama Festival will recall that Sharon High performed selections from *Thurber Carnival.* Some of the skits are modern fables, such as "The Macbeth Murder Mystery;" "The Unicorn in the Garden," which is familiar to all seniors; "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty;" and "The Little Girl and the Wolf," which proves, "Little girls aren't what they used to be." Buy a ticket and find out why.

Also coming up is the annual Weymouth High Talent Show. All talented, fun-loving, energetic people are invited to participate. Always a success, the Talent Show is directed by Miss Martinez, Mr. Brizzi, and Mr. Masters.

Weymouth's contribution to this year's Regional Drama Festival will be a junior-senior (or should that be "senior-junior"?) effort as well. And don't forget the sophomores! The sophomores will present their three-act play in March.* They will appreciate support from the juniors and seniors. It will give you an opportunity to reminisce and to brag about how well *your* class performed when you were sophomores. And you'll have a great time to boot!

Perhaps you are wondering why this writer is stressing the "buy a ticket" angle so much. The reason is simple: these are some of your school's most important functions, and you can have a most enjoyable time supporting them. Anyone who has not worked for a show of some kind perhaps cannot realize the months of preparation involved. The cast the audience applauds are not the only people concerned. The prop, costume, lighting, publicity, and ticket committees, stage hands, ushers, and teacher-directors devote many hours after school to making these shows a success. Do your part by buying a ticket. Help to fill the house.

Attention, juniors! Did you know that there is a senior drama class? Miss Kovac, who has worked in various community theatres, a total of four seasons in summer stock, one season on a floating showboat on the Ohio River, and who has an A.B. in Speech and Theatre is the instructor. This year only nine students make up the class, as the course is available only during second and third lunch, and students were unable to sign up until this September. Any junior interested in this course for next year should make inquiries when making out his senior program. Thus, *possible* reshuffling and disappointment may be avoided next year. The senior drama class is a three-credit course, meeting three periods a week. It includes one unit dealing with advanced speech; one unit devoted to theatre production, which includes technical skills, acting, the study of dramatic literature, and pantomine; and one unit consisting of elementary television techniques. This year's class affords a workshop atmosphere in which a great deal can be accomplished. Miss Kovac is also looking forward to starting a chapter of the National Thespian Society at Weymouth High.

Until next time remember, "Don't count your boobies until they hatch!"**

**Because of the early deadline of this article, the dates mentioned above are subject to change.*

***From* Thurber Carnival.

A TIME FOR GLORY

On October 21, 1967, two previously undefeated teams, the Weymouth High Maroons and the Waltham High Hawks, met on the gridiron in the game that many people said would decide the suburban league race. Enthusiastic fans streamed onto John O'Leary field in Waltham to see which team would come out victorious. The crowd was slightly apprehensive as the teams went through their pregame drills. The Weymouth cheerleaders tried to arouse a little enthusiasm, but the responses were anything but encouraging. Now, it was game-time; the moment of truth had arrived.

Waltham kicked off, and after the runback, Weymouth got the ball on its own thirty-yard line. For the next few minutes, the Maroons looked as if they would romp to an easy victory, having moved downfield to the Waltham five with ease. But a fumble silenced the cheers and a depression fell over the Weymouth fans. Was this the break from which we might never recover? The resulting few minutes were inconclusive, however, for each team had the ball twice more without being able to pick up any first downs. The quarter ended with Waltham regaining the ball and having picked up a first down at their own thirty-yard line. The score: Weymouth 0, Waltham 0.

Waltham failed to move any further and after the kick and subsequent runback, Weymouth was in good field position with the ball at the midfield stripe. Things began to get worse; and after only two more plays, with a few penalties mixed in, the Marooms found themselves on their own twenty-eight yard line with a second down and thirty-two yards to go. It was at this moment that Ken Wilson hit Ed Diamond with a long pass for a touchdown that brought the whole team and all of the Weymouth fans to their feet with roaring applause. The play covered seventy-three yards. Though the extra point try failed, Weymouth still led 6-0. Things didn't look too bad. Each team had the ball one more time before the half, but no serious threat materialized. So as the teams left the field, the Maroons still held the slim 6-0 lead. This game appeared to be far from being decided, however, because any one play could wipe out that lead.

The primary purpose of this article is to give an account of this particular game, not necessarily to include the halftime show put on by the two schools. I would just like to mention in passing, however, that both bands did a very creditable job of which their respective schools should be proud.

Weymouth kicked off to start the second half, and Waltham took over on their own twenty-seven yard line. The Hawks picked up two first downs, but then their forward motion was halted and they were forced into a kicking situation. Doug Auld and Rick Jablonski streaked through the line, and Doug blocked the kick. Weymouth recovered the ball on the Waltham thirty-four yard line. Our running attack brought us inside the ten-yard line, but our forward progress was stopped so John Shober came on to attempt a field goal. The attempt was blocked, and a Waltham man picked it up and carried it all the way to the Weymouth forty-nine before Steve Sanson pulled him down from behind. Once more the Weymouth defense had to dig in to try to stop the opposition. It did more than just stop them, for just three plays later, Gene Brennan intercepted a pass at midfield and raced fifty yards for the second Weymouth touchdown. The Maroons picked up the two-point conversion on a pass to Bob Schlieff, and Weymouth led 14-0. The Weymouth fans were jubilant now and they began to chant, "We're Number One!" The Hawks got the ball once more before the end of the third quarter but were again unable to make any headway. The score after three periods of play was Weymouth 14, Waltham 0.

Weymouth struck quickly in the fourth quarter, scoring in just four plays, with Steve Sanson catching a pass from Ken Wilson and going in for the score. The extra point try failed and the score then stood: Weymouth 20, Waltham 0. The Hawks weren't ready to give up, however, and nine plays later they were threatening on the Weymouth fifteen-yard line. "Lady Luck" once more shone on the Weymouth defense as Bob McDonald intercepted a pass on the three-yard line and scampered ninety-seven yards for Weymouth's last tally. Shober kicked the point after the touchdown and the score stood: Weymouth 27, Waltham 0. The Hawks had a few more chances, but the clock finally ran out with Waltham on the Weymouth five-yard line.

What most of the people had said would be a close game turned out to be a romp. Both teams played well. Ken Wilson, Steve Sanson, and Frank Costa did and outstanding job for Weymouth, while Chuck Lee and Mike Quinn performed gallantly in a losing effort.

On some occasions a team will win, but its play many have been rather ragged. On October 21, 1967, though, Weymouth High made very few mistakes and capitalized on Waltham's miscues in running up its fifth straight victory.

DUE RECOGNITION

The game of football is an exhibition of strength, agility, speed, and stamina. In this grueling sport many heroes arise. The flashy quarterback, the speedy halfback, and the bruising fullback all receive their due recognition. These are the fellows who score the touchdowns, and touchdowns decide the ball games. What about the other fifteen or so players who are on the starting teams? Isn't their contribution as great as that of the fullback or the quarterback? The answer, of course, is "yes." If the offensive linemen weren't doing their jobs, the backs wouldn't be scoring touchdowns, the team wouldn't be winning, and there wouldn't be praise for anyone. Also, if the defensive squad couldn't contain the opposition, the offensive team's job would be that much harder. If you can recover the ball at midfield rather than deep in your own territory, you have a much better chance to score. In other words, the defense makes the offense. A team with a good defense and a mediocre offense can fare just as well as a team with a super offense and a mediocre defense. So we must not forget to recognize the defensive squad when we speak of the heroes of any game.

Coach Jim Wheeler has already taken steps to insure just praise for the defensive team. Under his system of recognition, a player has a gold star affixed to his helmet every time that he makes a major defensive play. Tackling someone in the end zone for a safety, intercepting a pass, recovering a fumble, blocking a kick, or making ten tackles in one game are considered major defensive plays. Also, anyone who scores three times will win a star. Many boys have done quite well under this system. The following list (which covers the first seven games) includes those who have received two stars in a game: Greg Sammer (four times); Frank Baldassini and Jeff Gillis (twice each); Frank Costa, Steve Sanson, John Shober, Doug Auld, Ken Wilson, Gene Brennan, and Bill Dempsey (one each). The following boys have received three stars in a game: Rick Jablonski (twice); Greg Sammer and Ken Wilson (one each). This system gives the spectators a chance to see who has done an outstanding job and certainly makes the players feel proud.

THE FINAL THRILL

November 23, 1967, will be a day that many of the Maroon players and fans will never forget. It was the final game of the 1967-1968 season; but it had an added significance. Weymouth High was aiming for its ninth straight victory, plus the Suburban League and the Class A title, while trying to give coach Wheeler a happy Thanksgiving at the same time.

Now, Keith Field in Brockton is not noted for the "wonderful" condition of its gridiron; and with inclement weather it becomes a wallowing bed for twenty-two unfortunate players. Prior to this game, peat moss had been spread over the field to try to improve the playing surface; but the steady drizzle during the contest still made the field treacherously unstable.

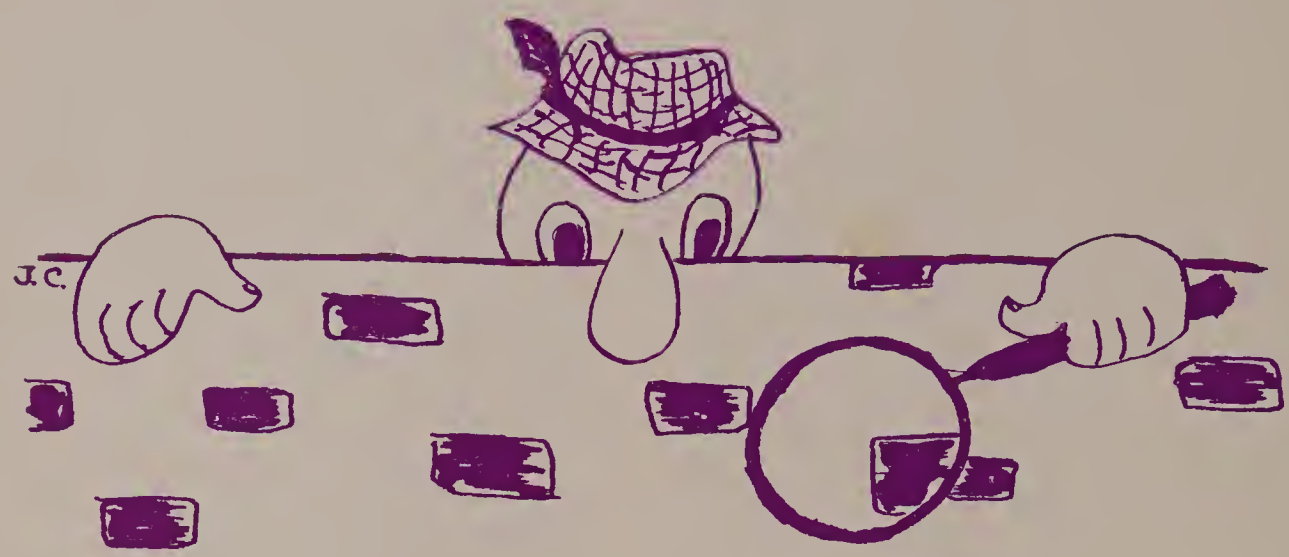
After receiving the opening kickoff, Weymouth High showed its strong running attack, once again, as it raced seventy-five yards in about twenty plays for a touchdown. Quarterback Ken Wilson drove over from the one-yard line for the score. Brockton fumbled on the resulting kickoff, and the Maroons once again found themselves in the possession of the pigskin. Methodically the offensive team began to grind out the yards, and in just under ten plays Steve Sanson scored on a five-yard run. This was all of the scoring in the first half as Weymouth completely dominated the action. The Black and Red of Brockton were held to just ten plays from scrimmage during these two quarters. It was easy to distinguish those who had played in the first half because their white jerseys were now various shades of brown. The actual identity of many of the players remained a mystery, however, since many numbers were completely obscured.

The third quarter began where the first half left off, as the Maroons drove fifty-five yards on the ground with Frank Costa going over for the score. The valiant Brockton team hadn't conceded yet, as sophomore quarterback Barry Tucker came off the bench and led his team from its own thirty-yard line to the Weymouth nine. Alert defensive play caused a Brockton fumble, and their one serious threat was thwarted.

Weymouth scored once more in the fourth quarter as Steve Sanson tcck a pitchout from Ken Wilson at the Weymouth seven-yard line and "raced" ninety-three yards through the mud and slop for a touchdown. Thus the Maroons walked away with a 27-0 victory and a perfect season.

On behalf of the entire literary staff, I offer my congratulations to coach Wheeler and the entire football team for doing such a wonderful job of representing Weymouth High School. I hope Mr. Wheeler has many more victorious seasons at Weymouth High and that every member of this year's squad has continued success on the gridiron.

SNOOPS

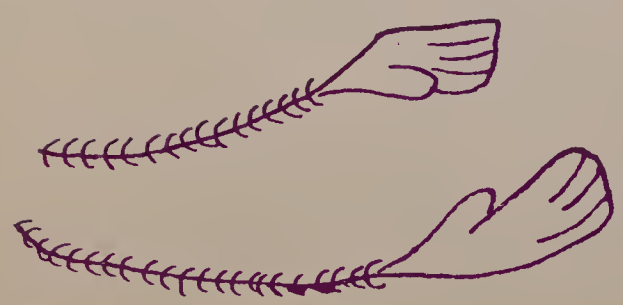


SOPHOMORES

KRISTIN BEGGS

enjoys horsebac K riding
member, sophomo R e class
vital statistics: interest I ng,
S tudious,
fif T een, and
brown-ha I red
preside N tial candidate

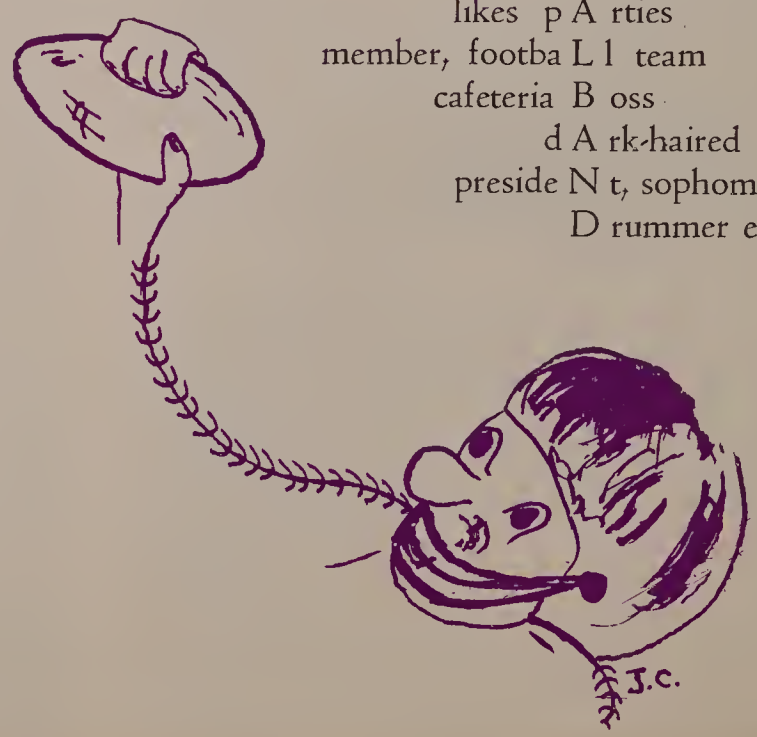
B ouncy
pony-tail E d
plans on colle G e
aspires to be G ym teacher
water S kis



ED NALBAND

carefr E e
Stu D ent Council member

visio N s of College
likes p A rties
member, footba L l team
cafeteria B oss
d A rk-haired
preside N t, sophomore class
D rummer expert

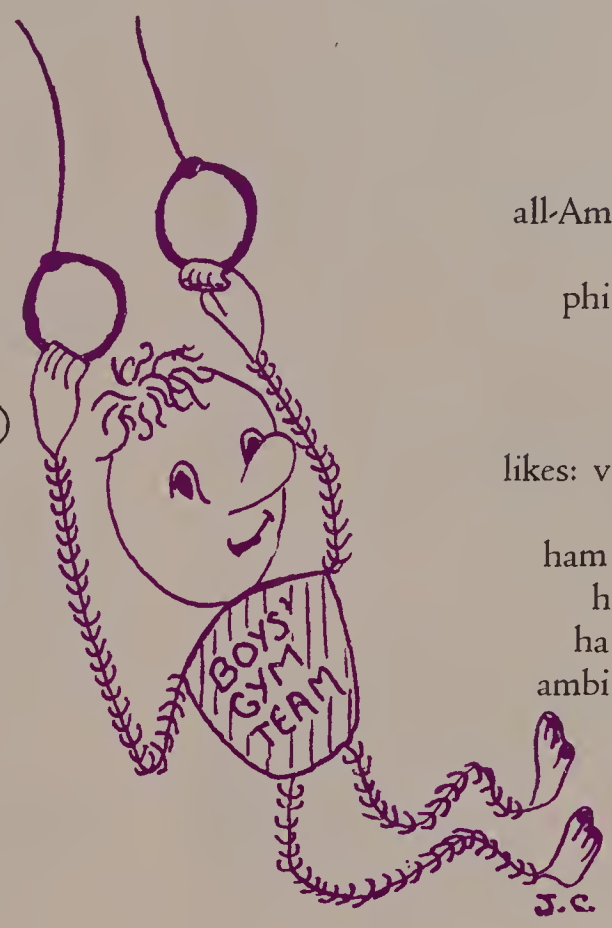


JUNIORS

ALAN ZYLINSKI

A rtistic
bespectac L ed
f A vorite: steak
last stude N t alphabetically

Z -z-z (likes to sleep!)
member, bo Y s' gymnastic team
Lovin' Spoonfu L fan
last name I n phone book, too
ski N dives
S hy and quiet
water s K is
disl I kes homework



MERLE ABBOTT

M erry personality
all-Am E rican
R eady for anything
phi L osophy: live and love
E nergetic

likes: v A nilla frappes
B oys
ham B urgers
h O rseback riding
ha T es: homework
ambi T ion: LPN

SENIORS

LINDA SASS

senior c L ass secretary
l I kes Boston Public Gardens
outgoing, N atural, cheerful
hea D cheerleader
blonde h A ir

likes hor S eback riding
enjoys be A ches in winter
work S as a waitress
S ews a lot

RICK JABLONSKI

p R esident, senior class
I nterested in all
C afeteria monitor
likes bas K etball

J olly
star footb A ll player
B lond hair
athe L etic
likes g O lf
possesses win N ing personality
S miles easily
hardwor K ing
amb I tion: engineer

CLUBS

CHESS CLUB

The Chess Club, under the guidance of Mr. Lofgren, meets every week on Monday in Room 240. September elections yielded the following results:

President: Richard Robinson
Vice President: Cliff Cowles

Since November, the club has been meeting other schools of the South Shore Interscholastic Chess League in tournaments. Its membership ranges from those of great skill to just beginners. If you would like to play or even learn how to play, you're welcome to come.

THE DEBATING CLUB

This year Weymouth High certainly has an excellent Debating Team. Under the direction of Mr. Fox, the group meets Thursdays in Room 126. The officers for this year are as follows:

President: David Sheehan
Vice President: Nancy Sciarappa
Secretary: Janice Hanson

In the past the team has sponsored such programs as the Book Fair last October and the Book Library in Room 211. The team is now planning a trip to Columbia University. Members debate frequently with teams from other South Shore schools. New members are more than welcome. Come help the Debate Team do even better than it has done in the past!

F. N. A.

The FNA holds its meeting on the fourth Thursday of every month. These active students were elected as officers in October:

President: Patricia Sullivan
Vice President: Barbara Mullen
Secretary-Treasurer: Elaine Akunevich
Corresponding Secretary: Susan Murphy

With the help of Mrs. Hoyle, this eager, helpful club is now organizing a group of volunteers to work with the J.M.S.V.C. on a Bloodmobile and at nursing homes.

F. B. L. A.

At least one Thursday of every month you will find Miss Curran and a group of student business leaders in the middle of their meeting. To guide their club this year, they have appointed the following officers:

President: Sandra Dzengelewski
Social Vice President: Rosemary Adam
Business Vice President: Linda Salvatore
Secretary: Kathy Elliot
Recorder: Karen McGurr
Treasurer: Linda Healy

At present, the organization is soliciting speakers from business, college, finishing schools, and airlines, as well as planning for their two annual socials. If you are at all interested, you are urged to attend one Thursday a month.

CONSERVATION CLUB

Nature and the natural sciences are the main interest of the members of the Conservation Club. With their Co-chairmen, William Longridge and Diane Maynard, and supervisor, Miss Toomey, the group has been presenting lectures to various second and third grade classes in Weymouth schools. Their meetings are held once a month, when they discuss future plans. In October they took a field trip through Weymouth's Esker Park. This organization serves our town well as it strives to impress upon elementary school children the importance of conservation. New members are welcome at any time; the club is especially on the lookout for prospective juniors.

F. H. A.

What happens in the Foods and Clothing rooms twice a month on Thursday? The Future Homemakers of America hold their meetings to discuss the problems of a homemaker and how to cope with them in the future. This year's officers are as follows:

President: Noreen Twomey
Vice President of Recreation: Lianne Giampietro
Secretary: Lorraine Lermond
Treasury: Linda Donway
Historian: Karen Mortenson
Reporter: Jane Threlfall
Hostess: Jean Wooten

If you would like to be a homemaker, see Mrs. Swain, the advisor, or come to the meetings. We will be glad to have you.

F. T. A.

On the first Tuesday of every month here at Weymouth High School, a band of young students team up with Miss Pearson. They are known as the FTA. Their purpose is to better prepare themselves for their chosen profession, teaching. Officers for this year are:

President: Ronald Johnson
Vice President: Sheila Gray
Secretary: Claire Donahue
Treasurer: Susan Hanian

J. M. S. V. C.

Mrs. Magraw heads perhaps the most helpful club at Weymouth High. Junior Morals has long been recognized as a service organization. It has made visits to the Paul A. Dever School for the Retarded and the Perkins School for the blind. JMSVC has established a tutoring system by which students help their friends in subjects which they find difficult. In December the club sponsored a "Brotherhood Throughout the World Week" and a Christmas program for the handicapped. Certainly Chairman Robert Bentley and Junior Chairman David Killory are doing a fine job this year. Though their efforts, JMSVC continues to be an organization of which Weymouth can be proud.

KEY CLUB

Meeting every Thursday in Room 116 under the supervision of Mr. Daly, the Weymouth High School Key Club devotes its time to school and community service. Along with the Debating Team, it sponsored the 1967 Book Fair in the school library. During the football season, Key Club members sold tickets and passed out programs. At Thanksgiving time they presented a needy family with a complete turkey dinner basket. Officers for 1967-1968 are as follows:

President: Stephen Douglas
Vice President: Francis Donovan
Secretary: Richard Walsh
Treasurer: Timothy Orcutt

If you would like to help the Key Club, come down to 116 any Thursday.

LAB ASSISTANTS

Under the direction of Mr. John Ghiorse and Mr. Richard Hallowell, the Lab Assistants meet every Tuesday in Room 120. Student leaders this year are as follows:

President: Charles Pritchard
Vice President: Duncan Allen
Secretary-Treasurer: Richard Tollo

The main function of this organization is to assist the faculty in the science labs and to learn more about the sciences through direct experience.

PEP CLUB

Each Saturday afternoon during the football season, as Weymouth's team annihilated its opponents, one could clearly hear the Pep Club members urging their team to triumph. Yet few realized the amount of time the members had spent each Wednesday afternoon under the direction of Miss Arnold, learning and practicing the school cheers. Although the club does a great job as it is, new members are always welcome to cheer during the basketball season. Officers for '67-'68 are as follows:

President: William Earl
Vice-President: Leslie McKinnon
Secretary-Treasurer: Susan Twombley
Manager: Edith Beatty

OUTDOOR CLUB

Contrary to public opinion, the Outdoor Club is not a Birdwatcher's Society, but merely a group of boys who enjoy camping and sports. They have camped all over New England and are planning for a week-long camping trip during the Spring vacation. With Mr. Mekeel and Mr. Kelly they attend one sports event or engage in one YMCA activity each month. President this year is Pat Brennan; Vice President, Steven Cashman; Treasurer, Thomas Abbott; Secretary, Joseph Collett. If you're waiting for a chance to get outside in the fresh air, this is it!

MATH TEAM

Four times a year Weymouth is represented by a group of five students who comprise what is commonly called the Math Team. Coaches Mrs. Clayton and Mr. Duseau prepare the students before each tournament of the Greater Boston Mathematics League. Although only five students are eligible for each meet, Mr. Duseau encourages others to join and serve as alternates. Come any day of the week to Room 207 and support your school!

LIBRARY ASSISTANTS

Although the library assistants are not a formal club, they do a great service to the school. Under the direction of Mrs. Dyment, the Library Assistants cheerfully sacrifice studies and after-school hours to accomplish many clerical tasks for the library. Their responsibilities entail delivering passes, covering books, mending books, and stamping slips. We are sure that the entire school appreciates what these willing students have done. (Books are awarded to two-year members.)

RIDING CLUB

Weymouth High's Riding Club, meeting Fridays in Room 205, is headed by Dennis Meade, President and Gail Gomer, Secretary-Treasurer. Under the supervision of Mrs. Clayton, the organization participates in a weekly excursion to a stable. Occasionally the group enjoys a hayride. If any student knows how to ride or would like to learn, come to a meeting and join up!

SKI CLUB

Under the supervision of Mr. Burgess, the Weymoth High School Ski Club meets every other Tuesday in Room 206. Elections in October resulted as follows:

President: John Scott
Vice-President: Barbara Scott
Secretary: Leslie McKinnon
Treasurer: Steve Adams
Assistant Treasurer: David Killory

Mt. Sunapee State Park in Newbury, N. H., was their destination on December 16, 1967, the day of their first trip. Presently plans are being made for a weekend trip sometime in January.

CAMERA CLUB

Under the supervision of Mr. Sedman, the members of the Camera Club learn about the printing and developing of photographs and movies. Exchanging notes and techniques, they learn to improve their own pictures. This year, as their major project, they are planning to make a film about Weymouth High School. This club has no officers or definite meeting day, but urges all students who are interested to contact Mr. Sedman in the I. M. C. office or one of its members.

OFFICE

East Weymouth Jewelry
810 Broad Street East Weymouth
337-5876

Whittington 5c - $1.00
Weymouth Landing
335-5595

Landing Auto Supply Co.
20 Brookside Road
843-4141

Vallas News, Inc.
Weymouth Landing
843-9887

Shea 1-Hour Cleaners
850 Washington Street
335-9875

Collyer's Market, Inc.
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335-1020

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